VISIT…

# My Shadow

by Robert Louis

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I have a little

shadow that goes

in and out with me,

And what can

be the use of him

is more than

I can see.

He is very,

very like me

from the heels

up to the head;

And I see him

jump before me,

when I jump

into my bed.

The funniest thing about him

is the way he

likes to grow —

Not at all like

proper children,

which is always

very slow;

For he sometimes

shoots up taller

like an India-

rubber ball,

And he sometimes

gets so little that

there's none of

him at all.

He hasn't got a

notion of how

children ought

to play,

And can only

make a fool of me

in every sort

of way.

He stays so close

beside me,

he's a coward

you can see;

I'd think shame

to stick to nursie

as that shadow

sticks to me!

One morning,

very early,

before the sun

was up,

I rose and found

the shining dew

on every

buttercup;

But my lazy

little shadow,

like an arrant

sleepyhead,

Had stayed at

home behind me

and was fast

asleep in bed.